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GUIDE

WATKINS

GLEN

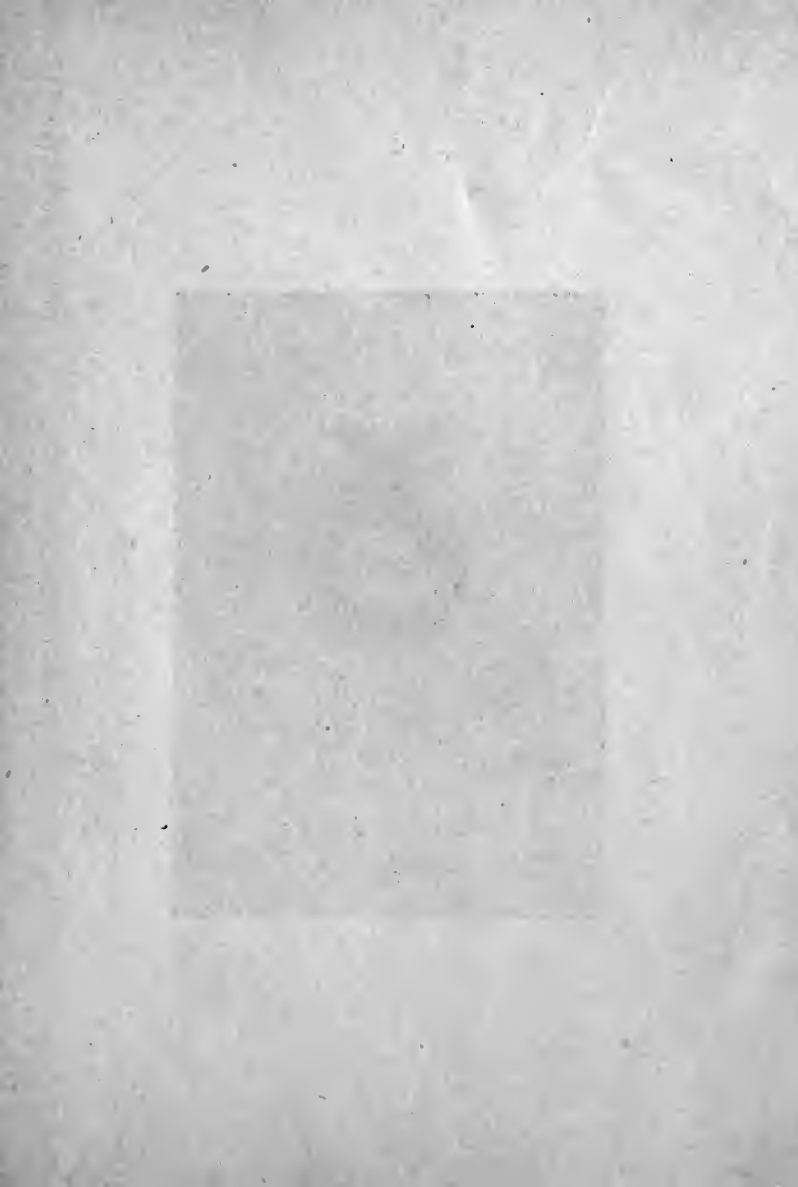
AND ITS

Romantic Surroundings



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GUIDE BOOK

OF THE

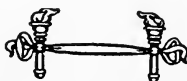
WATKINS GLEN

Near the Village of Watkins

Head of Seneca Lake, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

AND ITS

ROMANTIC SURROUNDINGS

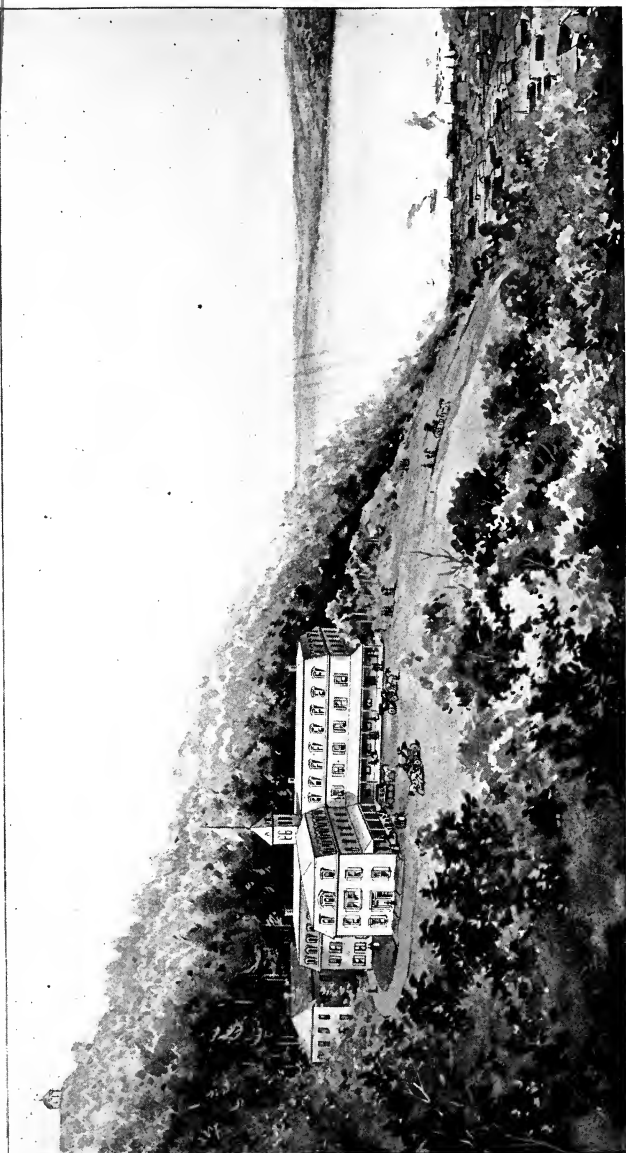


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THE GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, WATKINS GLEN

The Story of the Glen



Swiss Cottage and Dining Hall

Centuries before the first white man peered tremblingly into the shadowy abyss of the great Glen, it was known and held as sacred by the aboriginal lake dwellers in this sylvan region. It was the abode of the Great Spirit, whose voice thundered in the awful turmoil of the waters as the freshets of the melting snows tore through the chasm and the rounded boulders were to be heard churning in the deep wells which imprisoned them. As old as time itself, the Glen has been cut—a foot or so in a century—by the spring torrent and the summer rivulet, and upon its lofty g buttresses the student of Nature :

read clearly the records of myriad ages whose early pages were scribed here when the world was young and “the stars sang together. To see Watkins Glen is to quicken the dormant reverence for Nature : to stand in these roofless cathedrals is to worship before the altar of the great First Cause. It is well worth while to turn aside from the rush along the highways of pleasure and refresh the soul in this majestic scene.

The returning soldiers of General John Sullivan’s expedition to the land of the Senecas, sent to avenge the massacre of Wyoming brought back to the settlements marvelous tales of not only these beautiful lakes deep hidden in the ravaged country of the Iroquois,

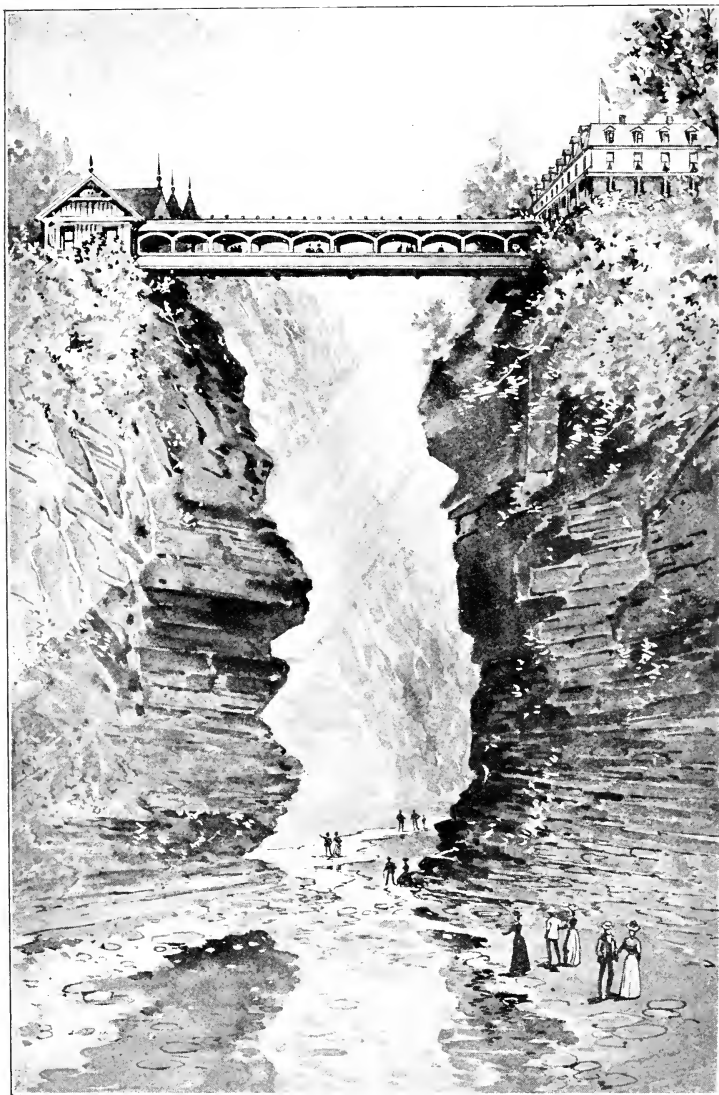
but of this great cañon, which many had seen as they pursued and lost the fleeing savages far into its sanctuary.

Venturous travelers came over toilsome trails in later days to see for themselves this vaunted wonder. Scholars, familiar with noted scenes in other lands, found here something to stir their jaded pens. Lives were staked and lost in the effort to penetrate its deeper recesses.

But nearly a century passed after the Indian owners had parted with their native soil, before a systematic effort was made to extend pathways and build stairways through the Glen. Almost immediately following this work, in the season of 1863, Watkins Glen took its place among the natural marvels of America, and, although hundreds of resorts have since been created and the then unknown wonderlands of the Rockies and the Pacific slope are familiar to every tourist, Watkins Glen has held its popular place as an objective point in the holiday tour. At the beginning of the new century it is still classed with Niagara Falls in the estimation of the people. Twenty-five years ago, a single line of railroad gave access to the pretty village of Watkins. The steamboats upon the lake afforded the only alternative means of reaching the place. Now three great railway systems touch the head of Seneca Lake, an electric line of cars connects at Elmira with a fourth, and the boats upon the lake are run with a full appreciation of the increasing requirements of summer travel in this direction.

The hospitable Glen Mountain House, located by an inspiration where it commands a superb view of both the lake and the Glen, has changed but little, save in improvement and extension to meet later needs, since it was first perched here upon the mountain.

Under the present management much has been done to ensure the comfort, safety and pleasure of all visitors passing through the glen, while the famous Glen Mountain House, under the same ownership and conducted in connection with the glen, has been equally improved in furnishing, cuisine and many other details. Offering to all tourists, with its free transit to and from trains and boats, and its free admission of guests of one or more days to the Glen and Hope Art Gallery, during their stay, the only desirable stopping place at Watkins.



THE GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, BRIDGE AND SWISS COTTAGE
FROM THE GLEN

General Description

CWENTY-FIVE years ago but little was known of this picturesque and interesting Summer resort beyond the confines of the county in which it is located. To-day it is renowned the world over for its wonderful scenery; and differing in all its characteristics from any other remarkable locality of natural interest, it has as distinct an individuality as the Falls of Niagara or the Mammoth Cave.

It consists properly of a number of glens or sections rising one above another, forming a series of rocky arcades, galleries and grottoes, subterranean at times, and again widening out into vast amphitheatres, presenting a beautiful combination picture of glen, mountain, lake and valley, now famous for containing the "Great Natural Wonder," which is located near the head of Seneca Lake, in the outskirts of the village of Watkins, in Schuyler Co., N. Y.

It comprises a superficial area of nearly five hundred acres; its general course is east and west; its tortuous length extends over three miles, and its total ascent to the summit of the mountain above is eight hundred feet.

It forms the channel for a limpid stream which, bubbling out from mountain springs, threads its sinuous way through gorge and dell; now tumbling madly from lofty heights into the depths of a foam-crested whirlpool; now breaking in shimmering cascades above some pellucid pool shaded by moss grown rocks, then winding like a silver thread through the rank leafage of some narrow vale, it flashes in the sunlight and winds quietly across the level valley, as though tired from its angry and tortuous passage through the Glen, it was now resting, idly reflecting the sunbeams before taking its final submergence in the cool depths of "Seneca Lake," half a mile beyond.

Watkins Glen is located on the line of the Lehigh Valley, Northern Central, and the Pennsylvania Division of the New York Central

R. R.; near the head of Seneca Lake west of and partly within the village of Watkins, in Schuyler County, New York. The main line of the Lehigh Valley Railway passes along the ridge east of the village and tourists for the Glen leave the train at Burdett. The N. C. Railway connects at Elmira (20 miles) with the N. Y., L. Erie and Western; Lehigh Valley; D. L. and W.; and Elmira, Cortland and Northern Ry. Co.'s lines; and at Canandaigua with the N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad; while the New York Central crossing the Glen at its most westerly terminus, connects with the Erie and D., L. and W. R. R.'s at Corning. From Geneva (40 miles) the Glen is also reached by a line of palatial steamers over Seneca Lake, the scenery on which is equal to anything on the continent. The N. Y. C. and Hud. River R. R. runs elegant Wagner Palace Drawing-room and Sleeping cars through from New York to Lyons, Geneva and Canandaigua, making direct connections with trains for Watkins and with steamers on Seneca Lake. It will be seen, therefore, that Watkins Glen is accessible from all directions.

The following detailed description of a tour of the Glen is herewith presented in such a manner that the visitor may find it a material guide in pointing out many things which might escape notice.

Passing up Franklin Street from the railroad station or steamboat landing, a few minutes' walk brings us to the entrance and, turning from the street, we enter the defile between the guarding hills, and the first object that attracts our attention as we commence our pilgrimage is a vast, rocky

ENTRANCE AMPHITHEATRE,

the walls of which rise on either side nearly two hundred feet above our heads. Ahead of us the walls almost meet, and farther passage seems barred, with the exception of a narrow rift in the rocks, as if they had, by some mighty power, been torn asunder. Here stood an old building that served for both saw and grist mill, before the romantic genius of an "ELLS" had developed the many attractions hidden beyond.

Before proceeding, however, we pass beneath and around the base of the overhanging rocks, where we obtain a fine view of one of the wildest scenes of the Glen—called the

ENTRANCE CASCADE,

which is a narrow thread of water, shooting out from an angle in the rocks eighty feet above, and dashing into a dark, cavernous pool of unknown depth below. At our feet slumbers the Trout Pool, broad, deep, clear and irregular in form, so named from the immense number of the finny tribe which come up from the lake during high water in the spring and early summer.

We now ascend a strong and secure staircase and find ourselves in what is called

GLEN ALPHA.

As we continue, we observe the channel makes a sharp turn to the left, which accounts for the apparent obstruction. At the head of the staircase is a little bridge spanning the chasm, known as

SENTRY BRIDGE,

where we pause a few moments to rest, and take a look through the amphitheatre we have just left, and down through the jagged edges of rock to the deep blue basin, broken into circling ripples by the falling column of water, out across the smiling valley to the green hills beyond.

Here, for the first time, the delightful sensation produced by the invigorating and inspiring atmosphere, as it draws down through the Glen, steals over us. Its shadowy recesses are natural reservoirs of eternal coolness, and even in the severity of dog-days furnish a most grateful retreat from the heat of the outer world. The air is cool, fresh and bracing, laden with sweet odors, the fragrance of many flowers.

Looking upward from the point where we now stand, what a sight bursts upon us! Towering and irregular cliffs of dark rock, angular and sullen, rise one above another till they appear to meet in the clouds, and seem to forbid approach!

At numerous places in the Glen we pause, and wonder how it is possible to go much farther, as the way appears impassible, and the distance so inaccessible; but as we advance the path always opens, and gives far more interest to the ascent than though we could clearly mark our way before us.

Crossing Sentry Bridge, we ascend a short flight of steps on the south side, and before us lies a pathway cut in the solid rock, leading along under the overhanging cliffs, a few feet above the stream. We are now fairly in

STILLWATER GORGE,



ENTRANCE STAIRCASE

where the various hues and tints of the rock, the eccentric combination of curves and angles, seem as if nature had endeavored to see what wildly grotesque and yet beautiful images she could produce.

We now catch a glimpse of the second cascade, called

MINNEHAHA,

which is beautiful, irregular, and yet full of grace. The water, broken several times in its fall, is dashed into foam and spray which forms a brilliant contrast to the dark, rocky surroundings.

Following the path we come to a rustic seat, from which a charming view is obtained in both directions. Looking up from this point, the view is called

CAVERN GORGE,

and for wildness and grandeur is unsurpassed by any in the Glen.

And here it would be well to advise visitors not to press on too eagerly, but to proceed deliberately, and frequently look back, as in many cases the views we have passed are the finest.

Looking forward at the narrow gorge we are about entering, we see a staircase above us, and beyond that still another, almost perpendicular in its position, and of great height. This portion of the Glen is called

THE LABYRINTH,

and the channel of the stream here is very narrow.

A little farther under the shelving cliffs of rock, and we are at the foot of the Long Staircase referred to, which leads to the top of the north cliff. Here we are in a strangely wild and interesting place. If we pass by a little way, before ascending the Staircase, we find ourselves in a cavern, almost circular in form, dark and damp, called the Grotto, directly behind the sheet of water. No one should fail to visit this weird chamber. Here the

CAVERN CASCADE

leaps from the rocks above, down sixty feet, in a single column, not altogether unlike the entrance Cascade, but much grander. The rocky walls of the Grotto reverberate the echoes of the falling water until the sound is fairly deafening, and the light of the "outer world" gleaming through the transparent stream in front of you, gives it the appearance of molten silver. Returning to the staircase, the down-



MIN-NE-HA-HA

ward view from the foot of which is called Whirlwind Gorge, we ascend nearly one hundred feet, and are glad to avail ourselves of the rustic seat at the top. The view had from the head of the staircase, is called

THE VISTA,

and the effect is very fine. After emerging from the dark chasm, we see before us silvery cascades, quiet pools and moss-garnished walls, overarched by stately forest trees and thick shrubbery, with a broad light flooding the distance ; and far above through the emerald foliage, like a web of gossamer, is seen the beautiful Iron Bridge spanning the Glen.

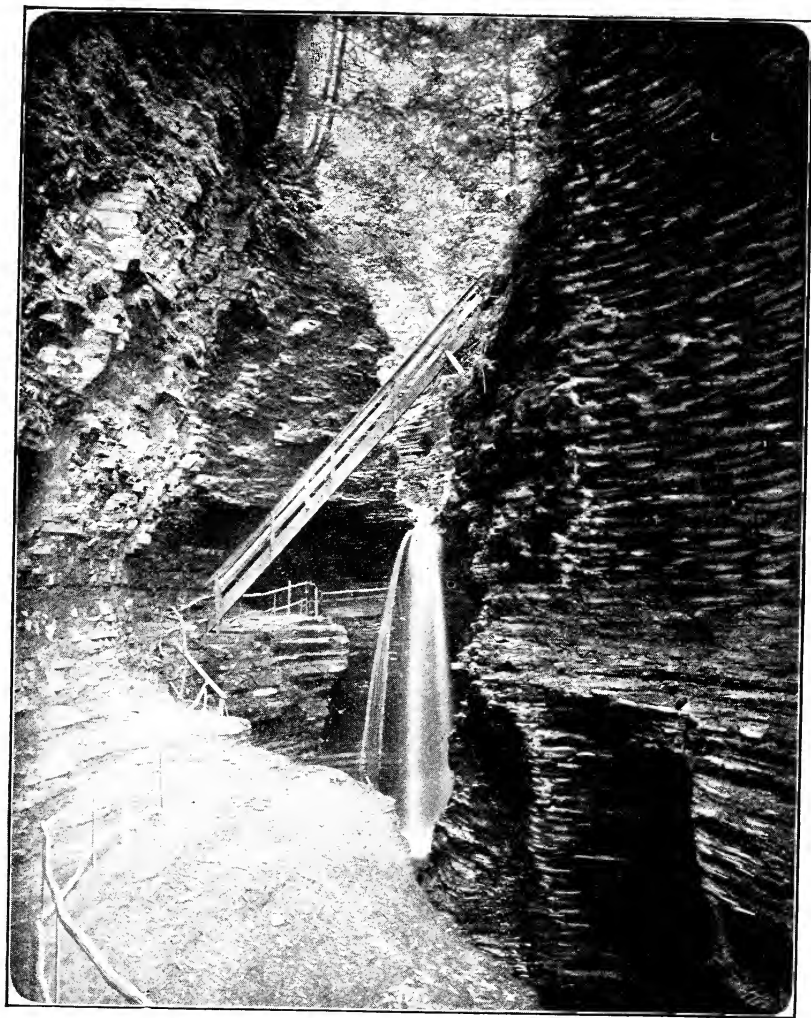
We are forcibly impressed with the beauty of the foliage, which appears all the brighter as we emerge from the dark recesses of the Glen. It is a singular fact, that nowhere upon the American Continent can such a range of vegetation be found within such narrow limits. On the northern slopes in sheltered nooks protected from the winds, and in a great measure from frost and snow, exposed to the warm rays of the sun, the vegetation is almost tropical. Especially among the lower orders, plants are here found that are indigenous to Tennessee and the Carolinas. The fern family is largely represented, and some of the most beautiful specimens are found. Many of the varieties attain a degree of luxuriance that astonishes the student familiar with them. Exposed to the keen north winds, high up on the southern cliffs, plants are found that belong far to the north. Stunted firs, mosses and lichens, that are rarely seen south of the Hudson's Bay country, are here represented. After a refreshing rest we again start upon our journey, and bearing gently to the left, by a "new" pathway, strong and elegant stairway broken by platforms, recently erected, along the verge of the gorge, where the wildness of the scenery is truly impressive, we find ourselves standing gazing into what was formerly known as

"GLEN OBSCURA,"

but which, by the great improvements above referred to, is as accessible as any portion of the Glen. By a short flight of steps from this platform we come upon the veranda of the building known as the

"SWISS COTTAGE,"

(only needing the stones upon the roof to make it an exact copy of the "Chalets" found among the mountains, lakes, and glens of



CAVERN CASCADE

Switzerland) erected upon the site originally occupied by the "Ever-green" before mentioned, and now forming a portion of the Glen Mountain House. It is perched on a sort of natural shelf, 100 feet above the level of the stream, and 200 feet above the level of Glen Alpha, overlooking The Vista, and nestling among the trees and shrubbery. When we reflect upon the labor attendant upon getting the timbers and lumber used in the construction of buildings, stair-cases and bridges to the present position—it being impossible to use horses for the purpose—and that thousands of feet of the pathways, and many of the stairs, are cut in the solid rock, and that hundreds of obstructions and threatening masses of stone had to be removed, we see that patience and indefatigable perseverance have surmounted all difficulties.

From the veranda of the Swiss Cottage is had a fine view of the main building known as the GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, the only hotel connected with the Glen. It is very romantically located, well furnished and provided with all the modern comforts and conveniences found in any first-class hotel. All visitors to the Glen are welcomed to inspect its spacious apartments, rest upon its delightfully cool piazzas, or indulge in any of the amusements provided on the grounds or in the "AMUSEMENT HALL."

From the promenades on the verandas of the Swiss Cottage and the bridge across the Glen, we have several fine views of the gorge, the winding stream and the cascades above and below.

A few rods above the Mountain House the late Capt. Jas. Hope, late of 82 Fifth Avenue, New York, erected an

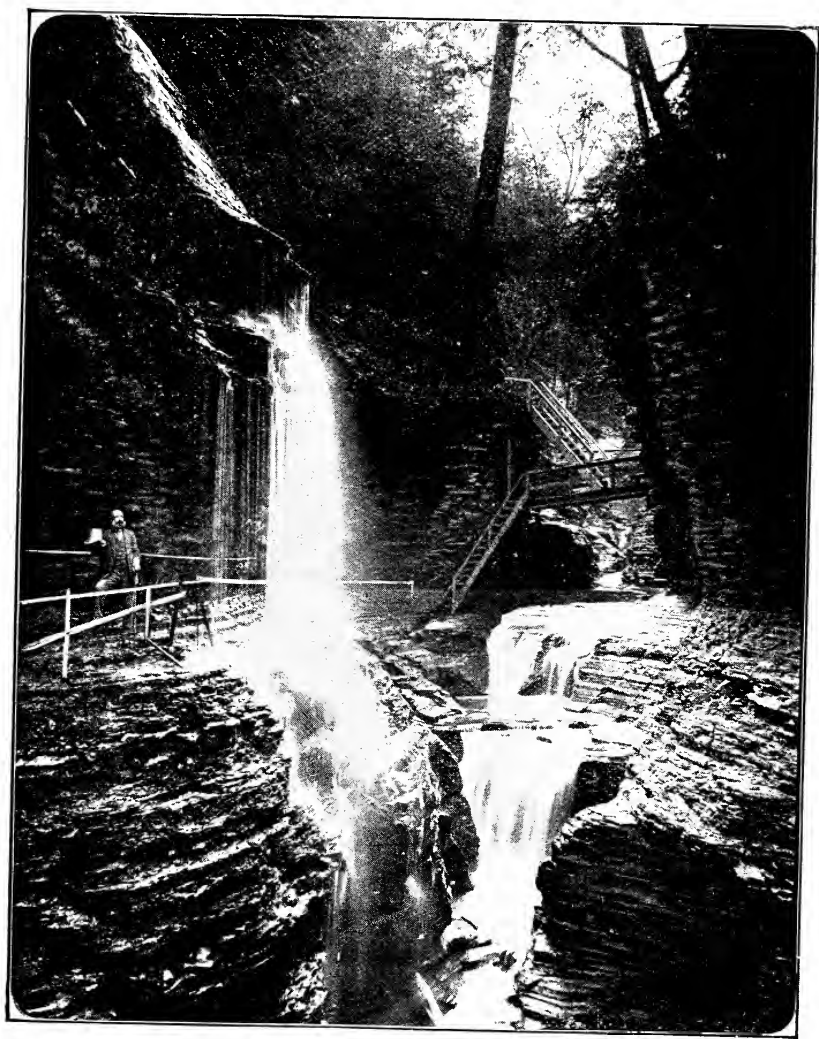
ART GALLERY

which contains a superb collection of more than one hundred of his finest and most celebrated paintings. Here can be seen some of the leading beauties in Watkins Glen and its surroundings; also views in New England, Virginia, California, Europe, etc., etc., chief among which are his celebrated pictures of

RAINBOW FALLS

in Watkins Glen, and his great historical paintings of the

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, AND BLOODY LANE



RAINBOW FALLS AND TRIPLE CASCADE

Visitors can spend many a pleasant hour here, and no one should fail to see this splendid collection. Our way now lies through the woods by a shaded path, and is called

SYLVAN GORGE,

which was until recently inaccessible, and is one of the wildest, most beautiful and interesting portions of the Glen. There are two paths, and to enjoy it fully one should go by one and return by the other. Continuing, we take the Sylvan Path, turning abruptly to the left above the Art Gallery, and follow the path winding down through the stately forest. We pause on Forest Cliff to enjoy the magnificent view down The Vista. From beneath the green sylvan arches we look down into the depths, with picturesque tree-clad cliffs on either hand. To the left, perched on a jutting crag, more than a hundred feet above the bed of the stream, we catch a glimpse of Hope's Art Gallery, and rustic arbor, mid their emerald surroundings; while beyond the tasteful structures the iron bridge spans the chasm, and the view finally dies away in the shadows of Whirlwind Gorge. Turning, we pursue our course, pausing oft to admire the mossy slopes that crown the chasm, and to gaze down upon Diamond Fall and all the wild surroundings of forest, rock and stream.

Our walk through the woods gradually descends until we are nearly on a level with the stream; and here, in the rocks in all directions, are found the remains of the same kind of pools that are now seen in the bed of the stream. A word on the formation of these peculiar pools may not prove uninteresting to those who are not familiar with them. In the spring, when the stream is very high and the ice breaking up, large quantities of rock, boulders and gravel are carried down by the tremendous power of the water; and sometimes these boulders lodge in a natural seam in the rock, or in a curve in the bed of the stream, and are there whirled and rolled around, until, aided by the gravel that collects, they gradually grind out these basins or pools in the softer rock beneath. This process, going on for years, has worn some of them to an immense size and depth. In some instances the boulders have been forced from their resting places at the bottom of the pool, and carried away; but in many instances, especially in the upper glens, they are still to be seen in the basins they have carved. The remains of these basins are, in many places, to be seen now, where the channel has deepened or changed and left them.



SYLVAN GORGE

Proceeding on our journey we see a succession of little rapids and cascades leaping into Sylvan Gorge, of which this is the upper termination, called the

SYLVAN RAPIDS,

and they glide and dance very beautifully through their irregular rocky channel. At the head of the Sylvan Rapids a rustic bridge spans the stream, from which as we cross to the south side, we have a delightful bird's-eye view down through Sylvan Gorge, with its many windings and mysterious recesses. Below the bridge is the "Bath Tub," which will be readily recognized by its perfect resemblance to that necessary article.

Looking upward we find ourselves in

GLEN CATHEDRAL,

and here obtain the best general view of this masterpiece of Nature's handiwork. All attempt at description fails, and words are inadequate to paint a picture that would do this subject justice, or convey to the mind an idea of its grandeur. The Cathedral is an immense oblong amphitheatre, nearly an eighth of a mile in length. Here the Glen is wider than at any other point; the rocky walls tower to a great height—over three hundred feet—and are richly tapestried with mosses and clinging vines, and crowned with lofty pines and other evergreen trees. The floor is composed of a smooth and even surface of rock; the vaulted arch of the sky forms the dome. In the upper end the

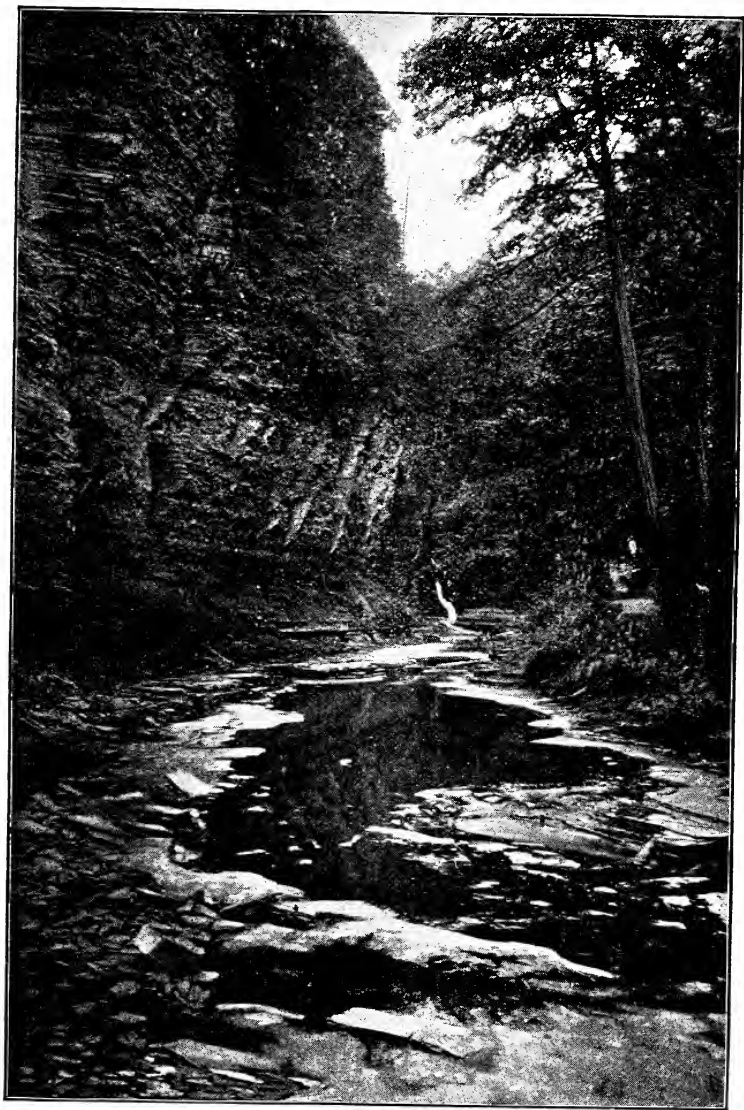
CENTRAL CASCADE

forms the Choir, and, as it dashes from rock to rock, sings continual hymns of praise to the Infinite Power that created this mighty temple. Alluding to the peculiar feelings inspired by this stupendous work of Nature, a friend who once visited it said: "I have often reflected upon the insignificance of man, but never so fully realized what a mere atom I was in this incomprehensible universe, as when standing in this vast Cathedral and looking up its towering walls."

Recrossing the stream we continue along the north bank, in the shade of immensely tall forest trees; pausing midway for another look at the amber waters that spread over the level floor, and at Pulpit Rock that rears its stately head above its fellows.

Situated near the upper end of the Cathedral is a large and beautiful pool, called the

BAPTISMAL FONT.



THE CATHEDRAL

This is one of the most remarkable of these natural basins, singular for its regularity and the surpassing beauty of its form, and we are astonished, more than ever before, by the wonderful clearness and purity of the water, which, as the sun strikes into it sparkles until it is fairly radiant. The smallest objects on the bottom are clearly discernible in pools where the water is ten or fifteen feet deep, while its refracting and distorting powers are very great. We now ascend the

GRAND STAIRCASE,

about one hundred and seventy feet in height. Passing along on the cliff a few rods, we come to a short flight of stairs leading down to the

VERANDA,

descending which we obtain one of the finest views of the Central Cascade at our feet. This fall of about sixty feet is very beautiful, angular and irregular, yet symmetrical; while far above, projecting through the trees, is seen Pulpit Rock. Reascending we find ourselves in the

GLEN OF THE POOLS,

so named from the number of rock basins it contains. Pursuing the path on the north bank a short distance to a point directly over the Central Cascade, and looking back down through Glen Cathedral, we have the

POET'S DREAM,

a truly magnificent scene. We come now to another rustic bridge, below which is the Mermaid's Pool, and looking up we have what has been appropriately termed, the

MATCHLESS SCENE,

which view seems to combine within itself all the manifold beauties of the Glen. Broken and angular in its formation, rock and water, cascades and deep pools, winding channels and seething rapids, foliage and sky, all combine in a chaotic intermingling, yet form a harmonious and picturesque whole. As we proceed we are never tired of admiring the extreme beauty of the water; and the sunlight shimmering down through the foliage strikes into the pools, waking their crystal depths into life; while new phases of magical beauty surprise us at every step, like the ever-varying changes in a kaleidoscope.

Leaving this point we follow the path on the south bank, through this section of the Glen, employing our time in examining the curious



THE POOLS

structure of the pools, one of which especially will be noticed, called the Horse Shoe.

We now come to a little staircase on the south bank, by which we ascend to a more elevated path ; but before we do, we pass by it and a little further up the Glen, to obtain a fine view of the

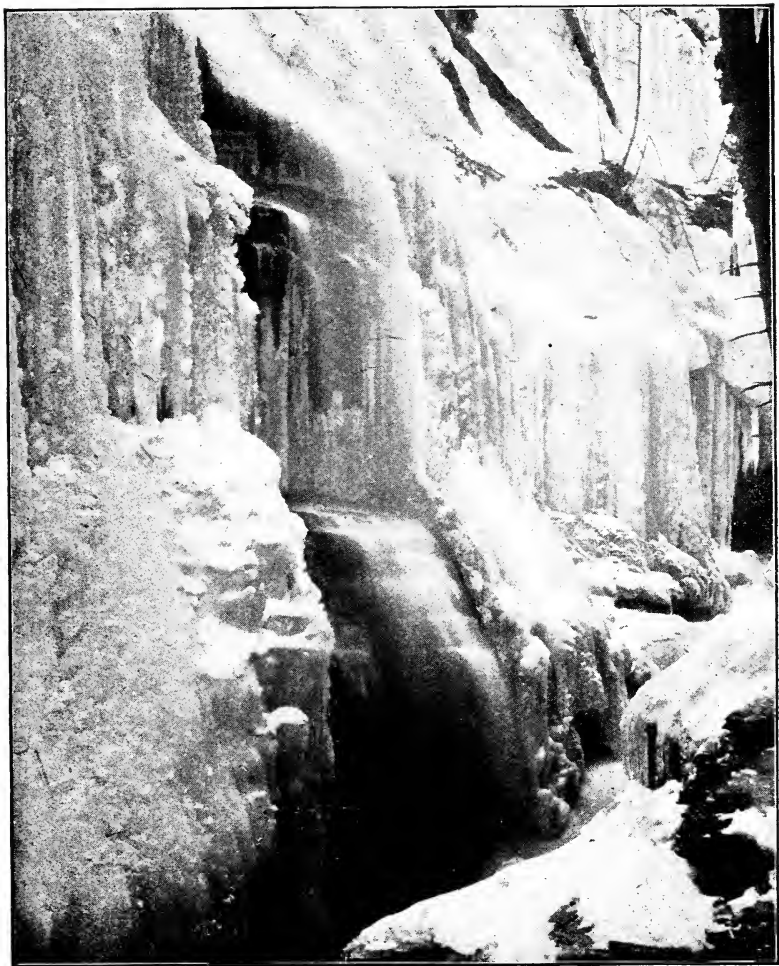
TRIPLE CASCADE AND RAINBOW FALLS.

The Triple Cascade is deemed by many to be the finest in the Glen. As its name indicates, it is composed of three portions, one above another, each different in form from the others, and forming a beautiful combination. Directly opposite the Triple Cascade on the south side, a little brook leaps over the brow of a great cliff nearly four hundred feet high down into the Glen, trickling over the irregular surface of the rock until it reaches a point thirty feet above the foot-path, where it falls over a projecting shelf, the edge of which is curved outward in a crescent form. The water does not descend in a smooth sheet, but in a myriad of tiny threads and drops, forming a sparkling crystal veil, behind which our course leads. This novel cascade is known as Rainbow Falls. Beyond and above the Triple Cascade, spanning a narrow pass in the gorge, we see the Platform Staircase, while far above our heads on the north bank, Castle Cliff is seen through the trees. This section of the Glen of the Pools is called the Giant's Gorge. We return to the little staircase before mentioned, and ascend to the elevated pathway, taking in new views of the Triple Cascade at every step, and come to the

RAINBOW FALL,

behind which we pass. The space between the fall and the cliff is narrow, but sufficiently wide to allow free passage. While standing behind the fall and looking out through the misty curtain, the novelty of the position and the peculiar brilliancy that the radiant drops of falling water impart to everything viewed through them, fill us with wonder, and is beautiful beyond description. In the afternoon, from June to September, when fair weather prevails, the rays of the sun fall into the gorge, and the enraptured visitor, in looking through the veil, beholds two most beautiful rainbows, a primary and secondary; a sight that, once enjoyed, can never be forgotten.

We take a backward glance at Glen of the Pools and Matchless Scene, pass the Triple Cascade, and under overhanging rocks come to a staircase leading to an inclined platform, called



RAINBOW FALLS AND TRIPLE CASCADE IN WINTER

PLATFORM STAIRCASE.

Here are seats which we find very welcome after our climb, and where we obtain a fine retrospective view of the Glen of the Pools with its ragged gorges, and a more defined view of the Rainbow Fall, showing its course before taking its final leap, while below us lies Diana's Bath, a clear, circular pool, nearly twenty feet deep. We are now to pass through

SHADOW GORGE,

in which portion of the Glen some of the most severe labor was performed, but its final accomplishment was a high compliment to the engineering skill of those who had it in charge. We leave the platform, ascend to follow the path along the south cliff, where it is narrow and cut in the solid, rocky face of the cliff. It winds in and out, following the curves of the gorge, high above the water. We now see how appropriately this has been named the Shadow Gorge. The trees on the cliffs above are very high, and in many places almost meet overhead, and as the light strikes down through them their shadows are reproduced in the pools below, forming a combination of beautiful lights and shadows that surpass description. Here the stream seems a succession of basins connected by rapids and little falls, while ahead of us is another rustic bridge spanning the stream, and a little beyond it is the

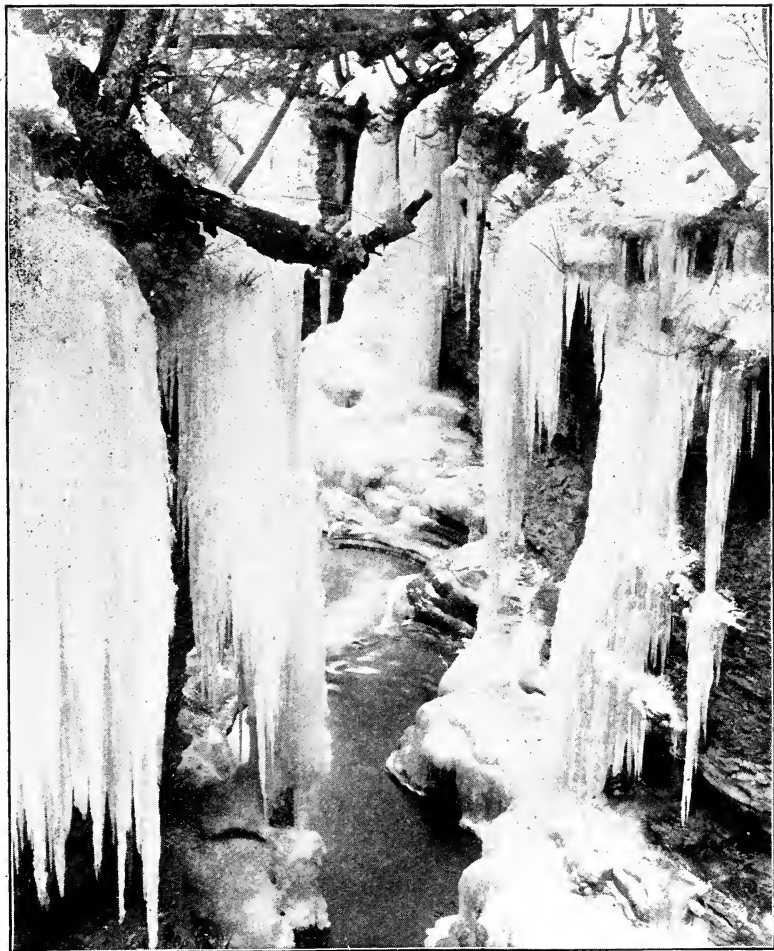
EMERALD POOL,

one of the most beautiful of the basins; very regular in form, bottom covered with gravel, and water of great purity and brilliance. Looking up the Glen, our journey seems about to come to a sudden termination, shut off by a wall as regular as if composed of solid masonry, but as we cross the bridge and follow the pathway, we see on approaching that the Glen makes a sudden turn to the right, around this

FROWNING CLIFF

that appeared to obstruct our further progress. At this place the seams in the rock intersect each other at right angles, giving to the whole the effect of masonry. The corner formed by this cliff on the south side, conveys the idea of the work of human hands, and is named the

PILLAR OF BEAUTY.



THE POOLS IN WINTER

Directly at the foot of this cliff is another large and very deep pool, the water in which is from twelve to fifteen feet deep, and as clear as crystal; and as it passes under the sharp angle of the cliff, it mirrors in its pellucid depths an inverted picture of the frowning rocks and graceful foliage above. The mosses and ferns are here very fine. These cliffs mark the entrance to the section called

GLEN ARCADIA,

and it well deserves the name, for a more perfect Elysium cannot be imagined. The scene before us has been called

THE ARTIST'S DREAM,

where all the beauties of the other glens, silver cascades and crystal pools, light and shadow, sharp angles and graceful curves, foliage, sky and rock, mingle and produce a picture that more resembles an ecstatic dream than anything that can elsewhere be found. The rocks do not here tower to such immense height, nor is the scenery so sublime as in some of the sections of the glens through which we have passed, but what is lost in grandeur is more than atoned for in the wild beauty of the scene.

Our path now lies along the north cliff, on the rocky shelf some distance above the stream, where the water trickles from above, and runs down over the rocks in little streams. The gorge below us is known as the

NARROW PASS,

and is full of interest, as the walls tower high on either side, and approach near together. After rounding another sharp curve, we are once more obliged to cross the stream by means of a bridge, and proceed along the south side, through the Narrow Pass, under shelving rocks, that extend far out over our heads. Passing around an angle, we come in sight of

PLUTO FALL,

on which the rays of the sun never shine. It appears like a subterranean gallery, for the air is damp and cold, and the dashing and rumbling of the Fall, as it echoes through the pass, adds to the gloomy sublimity of the spot. As we draw near we ascend a short staircase crossing over the fall where we obtain a fine view of it, which is of singular beauty, and essentially different in form from any we have yet seen, as it falls into a dark, deep basin, and extends about thirty



ARTIST'S DREAM

feet under the rock on the edge of the stream. We climb around the falls, and stop to take a farewell look at the Narrow Pass, or, as it is called when viewed from this point backward, the Spiral Gorge.

Our course now lies along the north side of the head of Glen Arcadia, and the way is clear, though "wondrous crooked," before us. The rapids here are the most beautiful in all the Glen. The channel is tortuous, and as in the Glen of the Pools, consists of a succession of curiously-carved basins connected by narrow rapids and cascades. The largest of these basins is called the

POOL OF THE NYMPHS.

Passing under the shelving rocks, we finally arrive at the head of the section, formed by the Arcadian Fall. This is a beautiful cascade, falling into a kind of natural grotto; and at its foot is a beautiful basin. Near the head of this section a staircase leads to the north cliff, and a few rods of pathway bring us to another rustic bridge, thrown across the chasm directly above or over Arcadian Fall, for the purpose of giving visitors a fine rear view of Glen Arcadia, which, viewed from this romantic spot, is called

ELFIN GORGE,

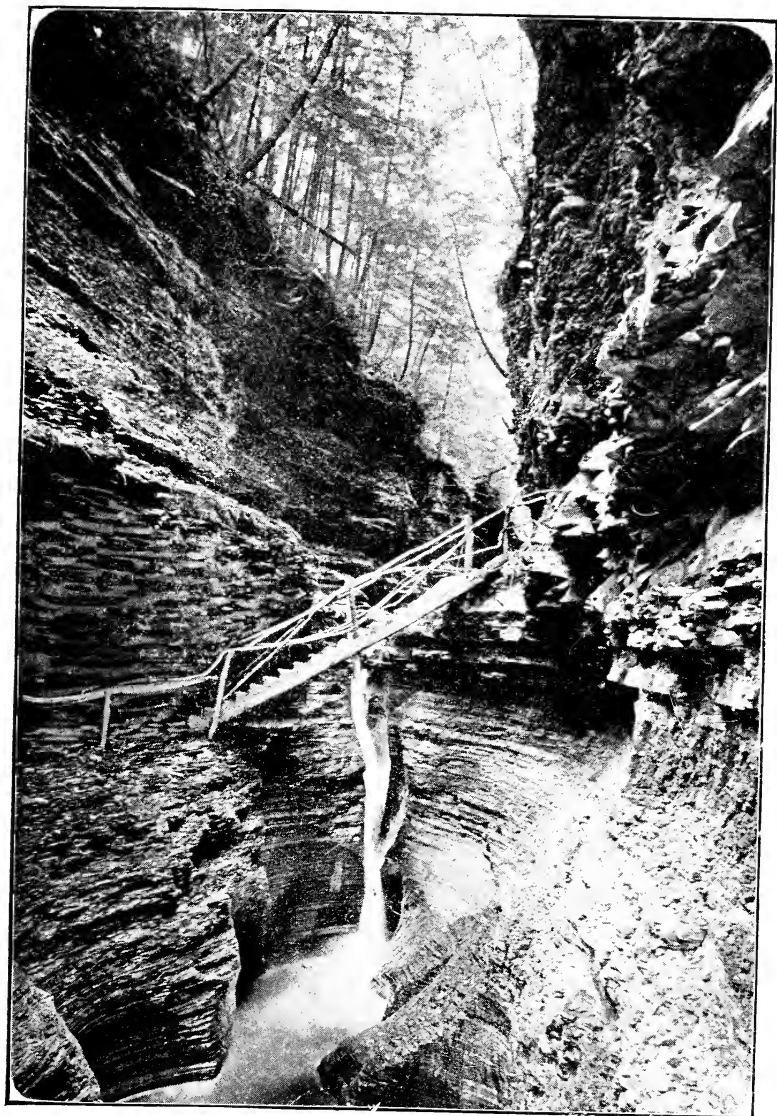
and is a scene of rare and enchanting beauty. This bridge is the dividing line between Glen Arcadia and

GLEN FACILITY,

the latter so called because of the comparative ease with which it may be explored, except in times of high water. The most important of the great natural beauties of the Glen terminate here, but many visitors go a short distance beyond, to see the new magnificent iron bridge of the Syracuse, Geneva & Corning Railway Co., which spans the Glen at a height of 165 feet above the water, and well worth a visit. (Illustration p. 40.) We have passed through two and a-half miles; are six hundred feet above our starting point, and being satisfied with an endless change and variety of scenery, enter

GLEN HORICON,

half a mile above Elfin Gorge, and beyond the railroad bridge above mentioned, which consists of a large basin or amphitheatre, containing some twelve or fifteen acres with steep wooded banks, several hundred feet high, broken into curves and promontories, the lower



PLUTO FALLS

level of which is a barren "pathway of the floods," and the whole a picture of commingled grandeur and solitude. Just beyond is a winding, rocky gorge, terminating in a vast area called

GLEN ELYSIUM,

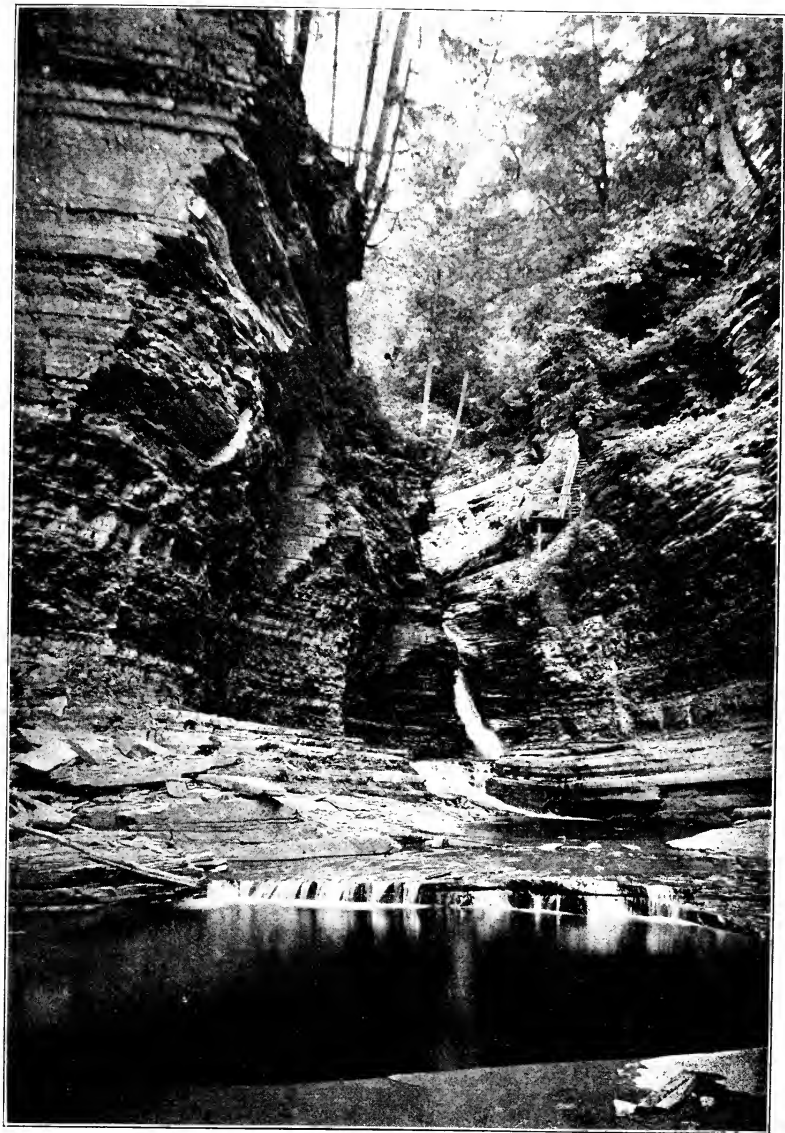
because of its natural beauties of water, lawn and grove, and its susceptibility of being made one of the most attractive and delightful pleasure grounds imaginable. It is nearly a half mile long, and one-fourth of a mile wide, containing within its lofty, sloping banks, nearly fifty acres, filled with cozy rural retreats, carpeted with grasses and mosses, overlooked by giant trees, and graced and adorned with a wondrous variety of foliage.

After leaving Glen Elysium, we come to Omega Falls—the last—and beyond this fall, which is one of the most complicated and beautiful in the series,

GLEN OMEGA

stretches westward for half a mile or more, till it opens out in the "hill country," like a great fan; and the Glen comes to an end more than three miles from its beginning at the entrance of Glen Alpha.

After a quiet rest, we start on our return, taking it leisurely, and stopping frequently to admire the numberless beauties that escaped us on our ascent. And, we may here say, that the Glen is so extensive, and the beauties so varied that one may make many visits, and yet each time find new features that he had not hitherto observed. Sometimes a difference of a few feet in a position will materially alter the outline of a picture. It is frequently the case that the visitor more fully realizes and appreciates the extent, sublimity and grandeur of the Glen, after he has twice accomplished its ascent. We stop a few minutes to look with wonder down into the grand old Cathedral, and after descending the staircase, passing through the Cathedral, and retracing the winding path through the woods, we finally find ourselves again at the Swiss Châlet. It is a most welcome spot, and its refreshments are very acceptable. Here can be obtained the best selection of Stereoscopic Views, of Watkins and Havana Glens, by eminent artists, which are faithful copies of the most striking points of interest, and enable the tourist, on returning home, to keep in vivid remembrance the many pleasant associations connected with his visit. Here visitors can find many little souvenirs to take with them to the eager, expecting ones at home, and they are advised to avail them-



POOL OF THE NYMPHS

selves of the opportunity of securing some memento of Watkins Glen. Crossing to the south side under cover of the Iron Suspension Bridge (illustration p. 1) we come to the Glen Mountain House again.

We notice near the south end of the bridge, a sign-board on which we read

“ TO THE SUMMIT.”

Our wonder is excited, and not wishing to miss any of the beautiful surroundings of this wonderful place, thitherward we bend our steps; and by a winding and continually ascending path passing through a beautiful wood, we arrive at

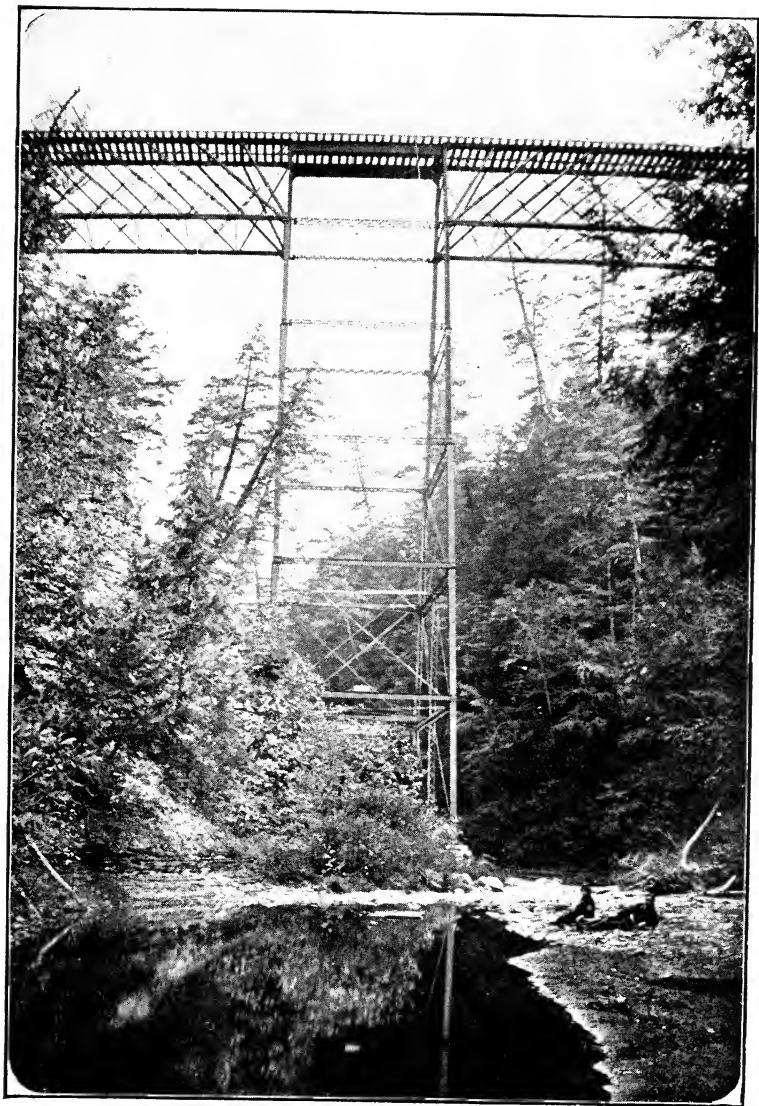
THE SUMMIT,

which well deserves the name, as it is the highest point in the vicinity, and commands a fine view of the lake and surrounding country for nearly thirty miles. Another path brings us back by a nearer route to the Glen Mountain House, when, if not too wearied, we continue our enjoyable explorations, but not by the path we came; because another is recommended as promising fresh beauties.

Instead of returning by the Long Staircase, through the Glen, from the Swiss Cottage we take the path that bears to the left, along the slope of the hill, called Cliff Avenue, or one bearing to the north, directly behind the Swiss Cottage, called “To the Observatory.” The former leads us through beautiful groves, and affords us occasional glimpses into the dizzy depths of Glen Alpha. The roar of the cascades, and the cool vapors arising from them, reach us even at this height. The latter enables us to climb to the summit of

TABLE MOUNTAIN,

as it is called, where we sit down to rest beneath the stunted evergreens that grow upon the brow of the mountain, at the little “Observatory Building,” and gaze with mingled delight and amazement at the scene before us. For miles the valley lies spread out like a map at our feet, forming a *perfect* picture, and certainly one of the most magnificent and soul-entrancing scenes that we ever beheld, and which leaves a lasting impression on every beholder. Directly below us lies the village of Watkins, with its shaded avenues, its beautiful churches, public buildings, &c., while at the wharf lies several steamers and a variety of small craft, for Seneca Lake has quite an extensive and increasing commerce.



WATKINS GLEN VIADUCT

We regret very much to leave our elevated position and descend to the lower world, but after a refreshing rest from our delightful rambles and reviewing the truly splendid panoramic scene below us, and gaining new strength from the pure breezes that sweep the lake, we return to our comfortable quarters at the Glen Mountain House, to rest, and write to our friends to come and do likewise.

There are a number of delightful drives in the neighborhood of Watkins Glen, also excursions upon the lake, that offer tempting inducements. One of the drives leads from Watkins Glen to Havana, and still further up the valley. It lies along the level plain on the west side of the valley, under precipitous hills and frowning cliffs on the one side, and the beautiful valley, with its border of hills on the other. The road is hard and smooth, and margined with trees and shrubbery. At one point, near Havana, a little brook falls about one hundred feet over the edge of the cliff, called Aunt Sarah's Fall (after an old Indian woman who formerly lived there), making a very fine cascade. There is a little niche in the face of the rock, near the verge of the fall, in which, an ancient legend says, great treasures were hidden. This whole district, lying around the lake, was once the hunting-grounds of the Seneca Indians. In accordance with the manifest destiny of the race to which they belonged, they have all passed away, leaving naught behind them save their mouldering bones (many of which, with their rude implements of war, clubs, tomahawks, scalping-knives, beads, ancient French coins, Jesuitical crosses, little brass camp-kettles, arrow-heads, &c., are annually exhumed on both sides of the Glen Creek, a short distance east of the entrance to the amphitheatre), and their strange and poetic legends, preserved and handed down to the present. Almost every spot has some historical interest, and with very many of the localities are associated some of those wild imaginative tales of the wars, loves or wrongs of that race which is fast becoming extinct. These legends clothe their scenes with a deep interest.

Continuing about one and a-half miles beyond the pretty little village of Havana, eastward is Havana Glen, not so extensive as Watkins, but very interesting and well deserving a visit, as it possesses many curious and remarkable attractions. This place may now be conveniently reached upon the new electric car line which connects Watkins with the thriving city of Elmira. Another equally

beautiful and interesting drive, across by the head of Seneca Lake and its eastern shore, is to Hector Falls, where a fine body of water is precipitated, by foaming torrents, cascades and rapids, from a height of nearly four hundred feet into the valley, whence it rushes off to rest in the mighty depths of the lake.

Omnibuses and easy-riding carriages, with careful and intelligent drivers, can always be obtained at the Glen Mountain House, at rates so reasonable as to induce all who have the time to avail themselves of the opportunity to see it.

And we would respectfully, but urgently, recommend a trip over Seneca Lake, from Watkins to Geneva and return, in one of the S. L. S. Navigation Co.'s palatial steamers. The officers are very polite, spare no pains to interest their passengers, make them comfortable, and render their voyage pleasant.

The scenery along the shores of this beautiful body of water vies with any found in this country. To the north, the lake stretches away as far as the eye can reach, with the sky and clouds mirrored upon its bright blue surface; the hills sweep back from the lake in graceful undulations, the picturesque little hamlets and villages clinging to their sides, and nestling in the valleys; while back from the water still further, miles of well-tilled farms meet the view; and on the rising slopes many flourishing vineyards appear, from the product of which large quantities of excellent wine, in great variety, is manufactured and sold annually.

The round trip to Geneva and return, with the several stops at picturesque landings, makes a voyage of over ninety miles. The beautiful city of Geneva, adorned by its abundant shade, broad avenues, numerous costly private homes and busy trading streets, has much to interest the traveler. The new Nester Hotel and the Kirkwood are the principal stopping places. Geneva is the seat of the New York State Agricultural Experiment Farm, open to all visitors, and also of Hobart College. The celebrated Geneva Mineral Springs are also an attraction. The great majority of visitors to Watkins Glen either arrive or depart by steamer.

The Glen Mountain House

THE pure air of this mountainous region has proved so conducive to health, and especially for *nervousness* and *sleeplessness* that the "GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE" (erected in 1872 at an elevation of 300 feet above the village), has been greatly enlarged, and its capacity so increased that 300 GUESTS can be comfortably accommodated within its walls. It is lighted throughout with gas, possesses all the modern conveniences found in any FIRST-CLASS summer hotel, and is the ONLY HOTEL connected with, or in the immediate vicinity of WATKINS GLEN.

Great attention has been paid to sanitary regulations; the drainage is excellent; an abundance of pure spring water for all purposes; and everything in and about the house and grounds is kept scrupulously clean and neat.

A pleasing and satisfactory feature connected with the romantic location of this HOTEL is, the novelty of situation of the DINING-ROOM, which is in a SWISS CHALET (such as is found among the mountains, lakes and glens of Switzerland) across the GLEN from the hotel, whereby all unpleasant odors arising from cooking, noise and confusion occasioned by servants, and heat from ranges and ovens, are wholly avoided, rendering the GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE one of the most delightfully cool and pleasantly situated summer hotels in the United States.

To protect guests from sun and storm, there is a beautiful and substantial (covered) iron bridge connecting the buildings.

Among other important improvements, is a building apart from the hotel known as AMUSEMENT HALL, where music, dancing, and all rational amusements can be enjoyed, while those who desire rest and quiet are not disturbed.

Hundreds of visitors coming merely for a brief inspection of the glen, are charmed every season into a prolonged stay at the Glen Mountain House and many go but to return another year to enjoy the varied pleasures of this ideal place.

Free admission to WATKINS GLEN is furnished TO ALL WHO HAVE ROOMS at the GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, ONLY, enabling them to VISIT the "GLEN," either upper or lower, AT PLEASURE, without the fatigue occasioned by the necessity of doing the whole of it at one time, or going over the same ground twice.

This "SPECIAL PRIVILEGE" is only enjoyed by those above mentioned.

Proprietors of SOME of the VILLAGE HOTELS advertise the same, but it is accomplished ONLY at the EXPENSE OF THE GUEST.

Omnibuses and easy-riding carriages are always in waiting to convey passengers to the GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE. Guests are carried both ways free of charge when the stay is one or more days.

Special rates made for parties; beautifully illustrated circulars, and further information furnished upon application to the Proprietor.

Address W. E. ROBINSON,
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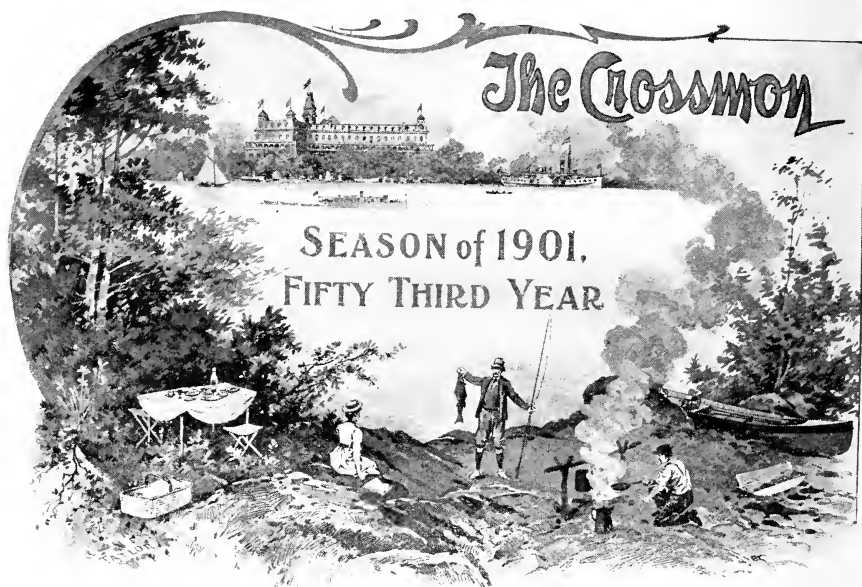
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